

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

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## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

## FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 14 is a number of unusual variety and interest. The first story is a clean humorous conceit, an ingenious scientific jest, entitled "The National Tooth Mining Company, [Limited]." It is a complete story, as is "Only a German Girl," by Arthur Lot, a touching little sketch of an episode of the Franco-German war. "The Taking of Brasoo" is a novel and effective piece of work; a picture and a pendant, in which a bit of broad yet suggestive farce is projected against a background of gloomy strength. "My Wife, My Pard and I," by Richard Gerner, has the peculiarity of being a true story, and at the same time an entertaining one. "Jeanne," contrary to promise, is not concluded, and the present installment ends with a situation of thrilling interest. The end is promised for the next number, and will certainly close a most original and powerful novel. The other two stories in this issue are "Just in Time," a tender story of trust and treachery, introducing a vigorous character sketch, and "A Queer Passenger," a strong tale of adventure. A new novel will succeed "Jeanne."

## CONTENTS:

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
RHYMES OF THE DAY.  
"Twas Ever Thus.  
PUCKERINGS.  
Architecture in Shantytown—illustrated.  
Poor Love's a Cold—poem—Bentley Parker.  
More Canada—Slowcus.  
Free Lunch.  
Modern Marriages—illustrated.  
A Very Hard Case—poem—C. C. Starkweather.  
A Bachelor's Revery—poem—C. E. G.  
A Rose of Necessity—poem—Edward Wick.  
The Statistical Fiend—F. C. M.  
AMUSKMENTS.  
FIZZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CC  
LITERARY NOTES.  
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.  
Rejected Addresses.  
Uncrystallized Yearnings—poem—C. G. C.  
Ants or Currants?—R. K. M.  
A Thanksgiving Free Lunch—illustrated.  
MARRIED MISERIES—No. XX.—Arthur Lot.  
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

GUITEAU'S reliance appears to be upon the Lord, the Law, and the credulity of the American people. It seems safe to say that he has very little chance in either one of these three directions. Certain we are that the American people will pay little heed to his plea and play of insanity. We have had too many insane murderers to accept this most criminal of all at his own valuation. Guiteau may think himself insane; but the people of the United States disagree with him, and their disagreement amounts to a firm conviction that he ought to be hanged. He may play the clown in court; he may use his startling eccentricities as a foil to the commonplace mildness of his counsel, it will do him no good. It is too late in the day to make egotism mask itself in the guise of insanity. Guiteau may say that he is insane; but he can not make us believe that we are.

Between the man dominated by one idea and the monomaniac it is certainly difficult to draw the line. But there is a point of distinction. We have to look, not at the man's own

valuation of his own motives; but at his power of judging the import and consequences of his acts. The "crank"—it is a convenient word—no doubt thinks that all he does is right, according to his own peculiar standard. But he is generally quite well aware of the fact that his idea of right and wrong is not the idea of the world at large; and investigation will show that he is influenced by this knowledge. He is usually responsible for his acts; for he knows how the world regards them. He has, under ordinary circumstances, a very clear idea of how far he can go without being called to account, and he is careful not to trespass too far on the confines of what the public regards as criminality. If now and then, embarking in some new line of eccentricity, he goes too far, his error springs not from any feebleness of judgement; but from the carelessness begot of hardihood.

We know something about "cranks." They infest every newspaper office, and particularly this office. We do not know why we are thus specially favored. Perhaps the colored cartoons bring them out. But we have seen a great deal of them, in all classes and conditions of life. From the Spring poet to the dangerous maniac who follows up editor or artist to revenge some fancied wrong, we have had to deal with every variety of crank. As soon as one disappears, another comes; and, if we permitted them to annoy us, they would make our lives miserable. But we have learned one thing about the crank, and that is, that, however crazy he may be, he knows well enough what is good for him and what is not. When he is once made to understand that the editorial boot or the artistic fist awaits his next appearance at the office, he appears no more.

Guiteau is simply a crank, such as we see here every week. He is no maniac. He knows very well what he is doing. He tells us that the Lord commissioned him to shoot President Garfield. He knows very well that the Lord would never have commissioned him to shoot a man who could draw as quickly as he could. The man who is sane enough to cower before the popular fury is sane enough to hang for the commission of a cruel and dastardly crime. If any cheap sentiment clears this worst of murderers from the gallows, it is to be hoped that the undisciplined and law-despising public which will take care of the murderer will also have an eye to the jury which acquits him. We do not believe in lynch law; but if we did, we should send thirteen pieces of hemp to Washington the day Guiteau is acquitted.

Motel Schapirstain, Benzien Maradecki, Israel Belocertowshi, Jechel Kartakowski, Oscher Abramowitsh, Sacharja Macowski, Golde Kaschmivski. These are not Nihilists, but are simply the names of some Muscovite Jews, who have fled from tyranny and persecution in Russia to enjoy freedom and protection under the broad banner of the Stars and Stripes. In spite of a few professional American Jew baiters, such as Mr. Hilton and Mr. Corbin, the people of this country are very glad to welcome this addition to the population. They will make much better citizens than noisy and impracticable Irishmen, who are forever abusing the British Government, and never doing anything to remedy their so-called wrongs, except committing a number of cowardly murders at home and hurling silly newspaper threats from abroad.

Persecution, indeed! If Irishmen wish to know what race in the world has suffered from persecution, we would point to the Jews. Yet they have endured it calmly, peaceably and patiently, and have always triumphed in the

end without shooting landlords from behind hedges or blowing up public buildings with dynamite. We do not mean to say that the Jews are the greatest race that ever existed, but they have many remarkable and admirable qualities. They are a practical and sensible people, and it is more astonishing that they should be so when the superstitious belief of a large majority of even the modern Jews is considered. To believe that they have been specially marked out by the Deity for favors and rewards, and that a savior is coming at some future period to lead them to a certain Asiatic district, may be very consoling; but it does not appeal strongly to common sense.

Not that the belief of other denominations is founded on a stronger basis than that of the Jews; but then the Jew must not complain if the Buddhist, the Mohometan, the Roman Catholic, the Greek Catholic, the Protestant or the Mormon claims for his particular belief all that the Jew asserts belongs to him alone. Who is there competent to decide the question? Uncle Sam, as the modern Moses, will decide it in his own peculiar fashion, and without getting into a polemical discussion, either. All he says to the persecuted races of Europe, whether Jew or Christian, believer or unbeliever, is: "You are welcome to America."

"Practise any religion you please; they are all the same to me; but don't quarrel about your belief or unbelief. If you wish, cover the land with churches and synagogues; but avoid sectarianism in your schools, your hospitals, and your charitable institutions, and in every shape. Sectarianism is the parent of bigotry, ignorance and intolerance, and I don't want these things about me. I don't invite you Jews to come here because you are Jews, but because I want a lot of intelligent and ill-used people to become citizens of my glorious Republic. As my ancient predecessor, Moses, did with the Red Sea, I do with the Atlantic Ocean. The waters are divided, and you can safely pass through them to the land of liberty, and leave oppression, persecution and brutality behind you."

Recent events have shown that a bank is about the most dangerous place to keep one's money in, and the time may come when nobody will ever dream of depositing it there for safety, and there will be a return to first principles, by using the old-fashioned stocking or burying the gold in its original mother earth. In this way, no speculating cashier or enterprising morocco firm can have the opportunity of using your money for their own private purposes, and one is not likely to find posted on the door of the establishment, "Closed in consequence of the last embezzlement by the teller and president." We Americans pride ourselves on being a very smart, when we are in reality the most easily imposed upon and most credulous, people in the world. Although on an average a bank collapses in some part of the country in every day of the week, we still fatuously continue to put our trust in them. We doubt if we are very far wide of the mark in stating that probably fifty per cent of the banks throughout the Union which at present are considered sound are irretrievably rotten, chiefly owing to the directors and cashiers having spent the money of the depositors. It has become the custom now, and it is a custom more honored in the observance than the breach. Unless a man can secure a position as president, cashier or teller, or obtain special favors, we certainly would not advise him to have anything to do with a bank, always excepting the fact of his being in the burglary business.



# RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## IN ADAM'S FALL.

When Adam sinned in Paradise,  
Beguiled by woman's soft deceit,  
From Eden driven, he vainly cries:  
"She tempted me, and I did eat."  
Daughters of Eve, this wide world round,  
Men still that old excuse repeat,  
Where beauty's blushing lips are found:  
"She tempted me, and I did eat."

L.

## A DIAGNOSIS.

Now the doctor examined her tongue,  
Then the bell on the table he rung,  
As he said with a growl:  
"The outlook is foul,  
And there's tubercles on your left tongue."  
Then says she, as she violently coughed:  
"Call father (he's up in the loughed),  
And tell him, now please,  
All about my disease,  
Of which he so often has scoughed."

## TO BE AN ÆSTHETE.

Be ever seen to stare  
At empty space, and wear  
Long hair.

And sport a wild cravat,  
One eyeglass and a flat  
Soft hat.

And chatter silly chat,  
Be like a vagrant cat,  
Unfat.

E'er stride 'mid flowered rep,  
Displaying in each step  
Dyspep.

## 'T WAS EVER THUS.

It was night. The autumn leaves rustled in the chilly air, and cracked beneath the boots of the passing pedestrian. One white star bloomed like a deathless flower above the distant western hill, and in the cloudless sky a slender crescent was stuck like a seventy-five-cent scarf-pin.

"Well, I should carol."

The speaker was a voluptuous gazelle of eighteen, with soft sweet eyes, and a wealth of tresses that poured down her back in a cascade that was very raven.

At her side stood her haughty young lover, the assistant pill-roller of the village drug-store. He was very intellectual—his forehead being well-formed, and higher than plumber-rates when the mercury is battering the foundation out of the thermometer.

The words quoted above were her reply to the valiant drug-clerk, on his acknowledgement of his deep, unswerving love for her. He had been wearing out the front gate all summer in his attentions to her, and he had filled her with the drug-store soda-water, and the drug-store caramels, which he failed to charge against himself—after the manner of modern bank presidents.

All that he had to pay for was circuses and ice-cream; and, as circuses came but twice a year, and a subtle argument of his convinced her that ice-cream produces erysipelas, he managed to save up considerable money.

"And you will love me always?" he gasped, as he held on to the viny portico.

"Oh, yes," she lisped back: "and we'll have everything in Queen Anne style, won't we?"

The salary of the average drug-clerk in the country is not more than fifty dollars a week, and that amount won't Queen Anne a house to any great extent.

But he replied:

"Oh, yes; it will be Queen Anne from the shingles to the cellar, and we'll never have fried steaks, eh?"

"Well, no," she chirped back: "but we must have a colored coachman."

"Certainly; and Japanese ornaments, and Turkish rugs, and lace curtains, and an ebony escritoire for the Egyptian room, and a bottle-green fountain on the lawn, and a six-dollar blanket on the dog, a Murillo on a gilded easel in the parlor, and a pair of silk-velvet gold-worked uppers on the statue of Adonis in the study."

"Oh, won't it be nice!" she sighed.

"Oh, won't it!" he repeated.

"And we'll live on poetry, like a couple of Phoebe birds who flutter amid magnolia blooms through a perpetual paradise of tropic summer, where the chill rigors of an Arctic winter shall never come to nip the balmy rose of love, and dispel the sweet halcyon visions of unalloyed enchantment; where soothing nocturnes from viewless lutes shall steal o'er bowers of moon-kissed jessamine, and steep our souls in beatific bliss."

And he fled down the graveled walk; but paused a moment at the gate, and murmured:  
"Well, I should dream!" R. K. M.

## AN OMINOUS SIGN.

The Mormons have just elected Cannon to Congress—a formidable weapon, truly, for the twin relic of barbarism, and characteristic of Latter-Day Saintly impudence. This Cannon is of the old-fashioned smooth-bore variety; is upward of a hundred-pounder, breach-loading, and his report is expected to wake the reverberating echoes when he comes to fire himself off in the House of Representatives. But if H. R. is alert, as well as wise and courageous, it will spike Cannon the very moment he is unlimbered for action. Mormonism is felony under the law, the Canons of Utah to the contrary notwithstanding. The spike, the spike's the thing!—unless, indeed, Congress is able to call into requisition the valuable services of Mr. Norman Wiard, formerly of New Jersey. In the latter event, judging from past experience, Cannon would be bursted at his first discharge.

## A DIME.

"Will you give me ten cents?" inquired a dilapidated individual of a well-dressed man, the other day.

"What do you want it for?" asked the other, without looking round: "To purchase a loaf of bread for your starving family of fifteen?"

"No; I'm single."

"Of course you want to buy food?"

"No, I don't; I'm not hungry."

"Then you certainly want to cross the river?"

"No, sir, I do not; New York is good enough for me."

"Then what on earth do you want it for?"

"Well, I'll tell you; I've been greatly excited all day, and I want a glass of whiskey to quiet my nerves."

He got it.

OUR E. and somewhat over-positive C., the *World*, has killed Minister Kilpatrick in Chili, and insists upon insistence, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, that he is as dead as a door-nail, if not more so. Kil isn't very much of a minister, it is true; but on the theory involved in the celebrated case, *Live Ass vs. Dead Lion*, he is yet worth a dozen dead 'uns, to say the most and best we can of him.

THE champion aesthetes are the billies

Most commonly known as goats;

They're languid, the poet notes,

And can live on pictures and lilies.

## Puckings.

WHY DIDN'T Adam plead insanity when he ate the Baldwin?

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY. An army. Apply to Gen. W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENT—Sudden disappearance of the New York Astoroid from the political firmament.

GUITEAU LEFT theology for politics, so he says. It now seems probable that Guiteau may get very badly left in turn.

THE POPE is following in the footsteps of Mr. Jay Gould, and becoming a monopolist in getting up a corner in hats, by the creation of more cardinals.

"WHO SHALL decide when doctors disagree?" Just at present the *North American Review* aspires to that pretentious and rather risky jurisdiction.

"AROUND THE HUB," with S. A. Drake as spokesman, has just appeared from a Boston press. It is a work of which Bostonians, at least, will never tire.

THE U. S. STEAMER "Tallapoosa" sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., last week, for Boston and Washington; and yet Boston and Washington are not submarine cities.

MR. LABOUCHERE does not think much of the frozen salmon sent to England from America. We don't think much of Mr. Labouchere's frozen cheek sent from London to America.

SETH GREEN has brought 1,500,000 salmon trout eggs from Lake Huron to the Caledonia ponds, and yet we're obliged to pay sixty cents for a salmon steak in a down-town restaurant.

A RACEHORSE's legs grow tender and peg out when he is about eight years old; but a man who had a boarding-house Thanksgiving dinner says that it is the opposite with turkeys' legs.

THERE ARE one hundred and fifty packs of fox-hounds in England. We do not know how many there are in America, but we think we are decidedly ahead of old England on aniseed bags.

PARTICULAR AS TO TERMS.—Mr. George N. Sanders, of unhappy memory, denies that he "pervaded the evening" of the Patti concert. Perhaps he only "infested" it, then. It is well to be accurate in such matters.

AN ANSWER UNDER PROTEST.—"Are we as bad as we seem?" naïvely asks the *New York Herald*. The question is an embarrassing one; but, if pressed for an answer, we should be forced to say: Yes, rather worse, if anything.

SOON WILL the last stray leaf have fallen from the limb, and the early snowflake will be sifted through the dry vines, and then the young man's fancy will naturally turn to some scheme for making sufficient extra shekels to take his girl sleighing.

OUR PIOUS young friend, Mr. Prince Leopold, is engaged to a young woman named Helena Waldeck, and the British taxpayers will soon be engaged to hand over to the gushing pair some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and support them as though they were poets, or some other kind of cranks.

## ARCHITECTURE IN SHANTYTOWN.



"Yez has been makin' alterations, I see, Mrs. McDuffy."

"Och, nothin' to spake of; we just shlung the stable aroun', and the owld man has ericted for hisself a shmokin'-room an' liberrary."

## "POOR LOVE'S-A-COLD."

Fades now the leaf, love, on the branches gray,  
Gold, crimson russet leaves go sweeping by  
As in chill blasts departs the dreary day,  
And twilight earlier dims the wintry sky.  
The tired flowers with a fragrant pall  
Of their sweet petals veil the cold, dead turf;  
In yonder copse I hear the quail's shrill call  
From the far sands, near sounds the sullen surf.  
Art weeping, dearest? Does the tender tear  
O'er Nature's last sad rites unbidden start?  
Why shiver? Is it from some nameless fear  
That love and life and all things loved thus part?  
Why dost thou mourn? What hidden grief thus rue?

"'Tis idfuedsa - id by head! - Ah! - Choo!"

BENTLEY PARKER.

## MORE CANADA.

I feel like a patriot, a philosopher, a philanthropist; in fact, like a little mess of p's, here in Canada; I so agonize to aid and instruct the people. I want them gradually—very gradually—prepared for annexation or independence. They really should learn not to hate these Marysyllables, nor swear when they are mentioned.

A Canadian's ambition is to be Englisher than the English; more pervasively loyal than loyalty's self. He will not admit that Canada is a part of America. Show him the map, and he denies it with increased emphasis and remarks:

"I'm maprehensive that some blarsted Yankee got up the wretched thing, ye know."

Englishmen of sense adopt our Webster or Worcester; but the Canadian swears at both, and brings his children up on some forgotten old musty vocabulary of the last century's. Even the daily prints, which as a huge joke are called newspapers, splurge into the vowels with a recklessness that threatens bankruptcy to the alphabet. "Parlour," "harbour" and "colour" are unblushingly printed and foisted upon a patient public who do not resent this insult to the nineteenth century. Tell a Canadian that Lindley Murray was a native of the United States, and he'll fight.

Montreal people are either very good or very bad. I couldn't tell which; but that one extreme or the other obtains is evidenced by their perpetually rushing into the cathedral to pray. They drop in between drinks, take a hack at humility, and run back to business. Traders, having effected a sale bearing a satisfactory profit, step round to the sanctuary, do a four-minute supplication and incontinently vanish. Clerks on their way to lunch call in and preface the corporeal with spiritual refreshment.

Notre Dame is a wondrously beautiful church. That praying below and plastering in the gallery were in simultaneous operation did not disturb its grandeur to any extent. There are many large pictures on its interior walls, but whether they are gems or daubs no one will ever know, as it is too dark to see them.

There are cunning little play-houses lining the walls that would strongly tempt the babies in the pictures, were they real, to come down and inhabit them. I suppose they are confessionals. Scores and scores of poor-boxes are placed in all sorts of corners, and appeal to you, each in the name of some saint, who appears to do his or her banking business on the premises, and wholly in specie.

Saints upon saints inhabit the great building, mainly in the form of statuary; but there is a suggestive identity of form and feature that points to the belief that one factory furnished the whole calendar. Some are in balconies, like pious Juliets, while religious Romeos are gazing up at them in ecstasies of reverential admiration.

The tone of everything in and about the grand structure is so foreign that one almost finds himself wondering if the Great Being worshiped is not French.

Just outside the door I was importuned to mount a dizzy tower, view a great bell, with the whole city of Montreal thrown in, all for a quarter. It was cheap, but there being no elevator, I did not invest.

I have strayed from my purpose of—well, I forget what it was, but the cathedral which tempted me out of my time when there, now tempts me to its further loss in this weak attempt at describing the finest thing I saw in Canada.

SLOWCUS.

## FREE LUNCH.

## HIS EXPERIMENT.

The other day a small boy, who is noted for a love of experimenting, poured a lot of molasses on the cat, who immediately went in the house and jumped into the lap of the boy's mother, who had just donned a silk dress to go out calling. We don't want to go into unpleasant details, but the natural impression on seeing her go for that boy with the first thing she laid her hands on, is that that boy will try a different scheme the next time he is suffering for scientific diversion.

There were once two boys, the Mohuns,  
Who would whistle most beautiful tohuns,  
Till one burst his larynx,  
The other his pharynx,  
And now they sail up in ballohuns.

## "PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH."

In view of the fact that several unconvicted bank officials continue to "circulate the plate" in the Newark churches, and sometimes receive money as well as button contributions for ameliorating heathen conditions in bankless lands, it is suggested, for the mutual relief of Christian and heathen minds, that the aforesaid officials be provided each with the ornamental and unerring bell-punch, such as are daily manufactured for our unsanctified horse-car conductors. An ounce of prevention is worth ten tons of cure, in cases of this kind.

There was an old fellow, Duchenes,  
Who lived near a dark lonely tenes.  
He had two sheep a year,  
Which he often would shear,  
And spin all their wool into genes.

## COAT-MINING.

"While looking through my old overcoat, yesterday," said Mr. Weatherspoon, as he reached across the table for another bun: "I found seventy-five cents in change."

"Why, you're in luck," smiled Mrs. Weatherspoon, as she put another lump of sugar in her coffee: "that old coat must be a regular silver-mine."

"Don't know about that," yelled little Jim, as he got close to his mother for protection: "I was gunning through one of pop's old coats, the other day, for money to go to the circus."

"And did you find any?" inquired his father.  
"No, but I struck a black bottle, about a foot long, and I guess that coat must be a regular old whiskey distillery, dad."

And if that boy hadn't got out just about as fast as he did, he would have got so thoroughly warmed that he would have fancied himself in the act of hefting a red-hot stove.

A decrepit old duffer, named Kaiser,  
Was such a contemptible maiser,  
When a collector was sent  
To gather his rent,  
A brick at the man he did shaiser.

## BY THE NECK.

There is nothing wilder known than gauging a man's dimensions by his neck when he is purchasing a shirt. This is not the opinion of Professor Huxley—it is the argument of Mr. Weatherspoon, who stands four feet and a half high and has a sixteen-inch neck; and it always makes him mad when he buys a shirt on the neck-measurement plan, for, when putting it on, he ascertains that it is long enough to tuck into his boot-legs, and roomy enough to put on over his ulster and high hat.

Now is the time to lay in boot-grease and porous-plasters, and to put a fresh spine in the snow-shovel.



## MODERN MARRIAGES.



He Wants to Get Married.  
Counts up the Expense, and



Goes South, Buys an Orange-Grove and Estab-  
lishes a Bank-Book.



FATHER to FRIEND—"What's the Row? Nothing—Only my Daughter is  
Engaged to be Married."



This Couple are Engaged.



He Works Early and Late—  
to Get Money Enough.



She Grows Thin, going Through  
the Process of "Getting Ready."



Five Years After, They are Married in Style,



And This is Where  
They Live.

## A VERY HARD CASE.

I'm a sort of a rhythmical tinker,  
An uncommonly volatile thinker;  
I can see mystic meaning in violets,  
And I dabble in rondeaux and triolets.

I can write you a thesis on Spencer,  
Or can sing of the swing of a censer;  
I know what Thoreau did at Walden,  
And why Cook was penned in a small den.

As to Ælia Lælia Crispis,  
My lore is as full as the Visp is;  
I know what the Will-o'-the-Wisp is,  
And what the true cause of the lisp is.

I am versed in the habits of sturgeons  
And the fallacies taught by the Spurgeons;  
I know all the dreams Swedenborgian,  
And why a French girl beats a Georgian.

I am qualified ably to lead your  
Attention to Codes of Procedure;  
The "Six Carpenters' Case" I can quote you,  
And tell just what motions will float you.

I can speak of the trials of spacemen,  
And the profits of District Court placemen;  
I know why a low city marshal  
To cut-throats and thieves is so partial.

I can teach you the metre dactylic,  
Or write you a drama idyllic;  
I can name all the volumes of Paley,  
And all the plays Cibbered by Daly.

I'm a very satirical critic  
Of French tales and poems mephitic;  
I know Beaudelaire from great Hugo,  
And I mock at the Realists' new "go."

I know Gautier in the "Maupin,"  
And the sway of the Sand over Chopin,  
And why Mr. Comstock, so wary,  
Leaves "Maupin" in Astor's Library.

And what's in his private Museum,  
And how much it costs you to see 'em;  
Why Leland likes playing the Gypsy,  
What the Siamese twins did when tipsy.

I know the folk Eliot cast us  
In that bright picture-book, "Theophrastus;"  
I've the key to the riddles of Mallock,  
And to Boucicault's hold upon Wallack.

I can speak of the travels of Sala,  
Of "per se" and "prohibita mala;"  
Of the Jockey Club's Freischütz in Paris,  
And the schemes of philosopher Harris.

In fact, I've spent years in hard study,  
And pale is my cheek that was ruddy;  
In Greece and in Rome I have tarried—  
Yet I can't make enough to get married.

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

## A BETTER PLAN.

A pretty little wife, to sew on buttons,  
Is an expensive luxury;  
There's daily steaks, and Wednesday muttons,  
And the everlasting tea.  
And then her various expensive duds—  
I'll live a celibate and buy me studs. E. K.

## HARD.

I cannot wed you now,  
My pretty Annie Dow—  
He kissed her on the brow  
Like a flash:  
Though I love you as the gay  
Bumble-bee doth love the May,  
I've no shekels for to pay  
For the hash. D. B.

## THE REASON WHY.

Why so sad and pale, young lover—  
Why so sad and pale?  
'Cause my salary won't cover  
Minnie's bridal-veil. V. T. O.

## A BACHELOR'S REVERY.

All alone at my window I'm sitting,  
While daylight fades fast in the sky,  
And the thoughts through my mind which are fitting  
Make me breathe a sorrowful sigh.

For I'm dreaming again of the pleasures,  
The charms of the spring-time of life,  
And Remembrance, displaying her treasures,  
Has pictured my search for a wife.

Ah! how well one dear girl I remember,  
A maid with a laughing blue eye;  
Though we met in the month of December,  
My love was as warm as July. \*

She once gave me a rose from the cluster  
She wore in the gold of her hair,  
And it set all my heart in a fluster—  
Alas! she was fickle as fair.

Another, and a still falser maiden,  
I met by the sands of the sea;  
For a month with sore grief I was laden—  
She preferred my cousin to me.

There was the girl who wrote me dear letters—  
And wasn't I proud to reply?  
But, alas! she soon shattered Love's fetters,  
And that time I thought I should die.

There was one scarce so false as the others,  
And as fair as a rose was she;  
Now, I did not object to her brothers—  
The brothers objected to me.

There was Ida, the awful blue stocking,  
And Mary, and saucy Julie,  
And Edith, and—yes—no this is shocking—  
Did Edith come after those three?

Ah! how lovingly Memory lingers,  
When once her bright page she unfurls,  
Yet, though I'm keeping count on my fingers,  
I am getting mixed with those girls. C. E. G.

## A SHORT STORY.

WHICH IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE CRIMINAL AUTHORITIES OF NEW YORK.

Walking through Madison Square, the other day at noon—the birds were singing in the trees, children were playing, the grass was green, and the bronze statues were glistening in the sun—I saw a disconsolate tramp sitting on a bench. Struck with the force of the contrast, I approached him. He eyed me suspiciously, and, before I had a chance to speak, he said:

"Do you know anything of the administration of justice in New York?"

"Yes, I know something," I answered.

"How can I get in jail?" he asked: "you ought to know that."

"You don't want to go to jail, do you?" I asked, incredulously.

"Yes, I do. Convicts are housed and fed and clothed. They have a roof over their heads, a few pennies in their pockets, and something to eat. They need not beg. They can work. While they live they have medical and spiritual attendance; and when they die, the city buries them. They are out of harm's way, trouble no one, prey on no one, grow fat, reflect, repent, reform. Oh, how I should like to be in jail!"

"What keeps you out?"

"The administration of justice."

I laughed.

The tramp raised his hand:

"Listen; I will tell you all about it. Some time ago I conceived the idea that a jail was my proper place. I went into a feed-store and stole a bag of oats. I was arrested, and taken before a magistrate. He said: 'What is your defence?' I answered: 'I am guilty.' 'Do you wish to be held for examination, or do you waive it?' I said: 'I wish to be held.' 'I admit you to \$300 bail,' said the magistrate. 'I don't want to be admitted to bail; I want to be locked up.' The magistrate consulted with the clerk. I was discharged on parole. That was the last I ever heard of it.

"I was desperate. I went into the same store and stole another bag of oats. I was arrested, and taken before another magistrate. He asked me if I was guilty. I said 'Yes.' 'I hold you to bail,' I said: 'I don't want to be held to bail; I want to be locked up.' He said: 'I will parole you.' I said: 'I beseech Your Honor to imprison me.' The judge replied: 'I have not that authority under the new code. By an error of the printer's, the section relating to the matter was left out.' I said: 'I stole the oats.' He said: 'That don't make any difference. The new code abolished the existing law, and till the Legislature meets there is no way of holding a man who admits having stolen oats. The code covers hay and straw, but oats was unaccountably omitted.' Literally catching at a straw, I said: 'There was some straw in the bag.' 'That,' said the magistrate: 'makes the offense the stealing of feed. There is nothing said about feed in the code. The best thing you can do is to waive examination, and let the case go to the Grand Jury.' I waived examination. Two weeks elapsed. I went down to the district-attorney's office. They told me there that the paper had been lost. That ended the prosecution.

"Reckless, I went to the same feed-store and stole a third bag of oats. I was arrested and held to await the action of the Grand Jury. They indicted me and a bench-warrant was issued. I felt that at last my time had come. I was happy. The case was called *The People vs. Morgatran*. 'Your Honor,' I said: 'I plead guilty. Give me twenty years.'

"The judge put on his glasses. He said to

the assistant district-attorney: 'When was this indictment found?'

"On April 15th."

"It is now April 28th. The law says that fourteen days must elapse between the indictment and the arraignment. It is but thirteen and three-quarters. Prisoner, I have no alternative but to discharge you."

"I burst into tears. My last hope gone!"

"But I did not wholly despair. I went to that feed-store and stole a fourth bag of oats. I was arrested and again held to await the action of the Grand Jury. A bench-warrant was issued for me. I went to the Court of General Sessions. The case of *The People vs. Morgatran* was called. I said: 'The law is not such a bad institution, after all.' The judge said: 'Have you a lawyer?' I said: 'I don't want one. I want to go to jail.' The judge assigned one. The assistant district-attorney read the indictment. I felt that I was good for ten years at least. Then my counsel arose and said: 'We move that the indictment be quashed. It fails to describe with sufficient distinctness the locality at which the alleged offense was committed. It says: 'Twenty-sixth Street, near northwest corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Third Avenue.' It should read: 'near the corner.' The omission of the word 'the' invalidates the whole indictment.'

"We quash it," said the judge: "Next case."

"I wept terribly. I said to my lawyer: 'Can't a criminal be punished in New York?' He said: 'I hold that he cannot if he has committed any offense. If he is innocent of the charge there is no trouble in railroadng him.' I paid him five dollars, and in my despair went to the same feed-store and stole a fifth bag of oats. I was arrested, paroled, indicted, re-arrested, and I reappeared at the General Sessions. The clerk read: 'The People vs. Morgatran.' I was resolved to outwit them this time. I said: 'Your Honor, I will defend my own case.' I had heard that a man who does this invariably loses. The action was tried. I admitted everything. The jury found me 'guilty' without leaving their seats. I was jubilant, and was about throwing up my hat. The judge was just about to sentence me when the assistant district-attorney arose and said: 'I desire to call the attention of the Court to a fact we had overlooked. The eleventh juror's name was spelled incorrectly in the panel. What is his name?' 'Karl Holft,' 'How was it spelled?' 'Carl Holft.' 'Prisoner,' said the judge: 'this mistake frees you. Next case.'

"I walked sadly up to the Tombs. I saw the warden. I said to him: 'There seems to be no possibility of being locked up by the Courts.

## PHILOSOPHY.



"Some folks maker awful deal o' bozzer when 'ey drop er hat—what's er use? Hat can't run erway, an' it's puffedly safe so long as yer don't let it out o' yer sight. Besides, I know I can't pick er up without makin' a fool o' myself." (Subsides into a gentle slumber.)

What will you take to let me in?" He said: 'I have refused four criminals already to-day.'

"In my desperation I went up to the feed-store and stole a sixth bag of oats. I was arrested, paroled, indicted and arraigned at the Court of General Sessions. I hired a Flatbush lawyer to defend me. I knew he would kill the case. The People vs. Morgatran was called. The case was patiently heard. I was voted "guilty." The judge began to sentence me when the clerk arose and said: 'An oversight has made the whole proceedings irregular. The jury has not been polled.' I fainted. On coming to, the Flatbush lawyer gave me a receipt for \$1.75 for professional services.

"I got a postal-card from the feedman. He said: 'I realize that the condition of the Law enables you to steal from me if you so desire. But let up a little. I am engaged to be married to a rich girl. If you continue, the sheriff will have my stock before the wedding.'

"The seventh bag I stole was taken from another store. I was arrested, paroled, indicted, arraigned. The People vs. Morgatran. I hired a Centre Street lawyer. He said he would 'throw the case' for ten dollars. I gave him the money. He was a smart lawyer. He entered a plea of 'not guilty' for me, but proved an *alibi* for the oats. I was discharged.

"I was getting reckless. I consulted one of the Court officers. He said: 'It is a common story. Let up on the oats. Steal something else.'

"I waylaid an express-wagon, was arrested, paroled, indicted and arraigned. It was my eighth offense. They had a particular chair put aside for me in the Court of General Sessions, as I was there so often. 'We ask,' said the assistant district-attorney: 'that your Honor consent to a *nolle prosequi*. It appears that the complainant had paid nothing to the expressman for moving the baggage, therefore the latter had no lien. He was merely a trustee. He was not a common carrier. This artificial trust was merely by implication. Now, the trunkman had not been paid for the trunks; hence he actually still owned them, no formal delivery having been made. The trunkman did not constitute the expressman his trustee; the putative owner could not, for the property was not yet his. The expressman was at best but an agent. Legally, therefore, the indictment falls.'

"But," said I: 'cannot the trunkman constitute the expressman his trustee, now?'

"That would be *ex post facto*," said the assistant district-attorney. The judge concurred. The case was dismissed.

"I became melancholy and brooded over my sorrows. I said, I will make one last attempt. I upset an Italian's fruit-stand in Mulberry Street and assaulted the proprietor with a crowbar. I was arrested and paroled as usual. He was sent to the House of Detention as a witness. The case was lost sight of for a long while. When the case came before the Grand Jury, one of the jurymen said: 'These lazzaroni have too much liberty already.' He held out, and no indictment was found. The next Grand Jury before whom it was brought resolved unanimously that the upsetting was justifiable. One of the jurors sold crowbars. No indictment was found. This sort of thing ran on for six months. The Italian, meanwhile, died of antiquity. A *nolle prosequi* was entered, important witness not to be found. He has gone to—

"Do you wonder, kind sir, that I sit here sorrowing, that tears well up in my eyes when I compare my lot with that of less hapless criminals? Oh, sir, it is rough, mighty rough on a poor tramp who wants no more than to be sent to jail."

I left that tramp to his reflections, and pursued my own on the subject of the administration of justice in New York.

ERNEST HARVIER.



## A ROSE OF NECESSITY.

A leaf and one young velvet rose  
Are all the ornament she knows.  
All down the sleep-land of my summer doze  
Her flowered beauty dimly comes and goes,  
While through the hush a white hand deftly throws  
Into my heart a seed that springs, and grows  
To love of all the grace that is sweet Flo's.

— — — — —  
All this occurred before her Uncle Mose  
Left her a sinking fund to which she froze,  
And now I kinder know the why in those  
Undollared days she simply chose  
A leaf and one young velvet rose.

EDWARD WICK.

## THE STATISTICAL FIEND.

Ours is the period of the statistical fiend. You can't look now in a newspaper, metropolitin or country, without finding the very interesting notice that the production of turnips in the United States was 2,365,874,327 bunches less in the year ending November 1, 1881, than in 1880; and that the growth of corns and bunions in Russia for the same period exceeded the production of the previous year exactly 4,365,745 pieces. It's bad enough to put such things in the papers, but you can easily detect these statistical paragraphs and avoid reading them.

But what will you do with a statistical fiend, who, *in persona ippissima*, so to speak, takes, every time you meet him, the most loosely-hanging button of your time-worn overcoat, and tells you, in a most emphatic voice, that they consumed 1,542,678,134,945 more toothpicks in France during the last year than in the Hawaiian Islands?

I had an old friend who was the most inveterate statistical fiend on this side of the Atlantic. He had tormented me with his statistical notions for a good many years, and all my efforts to make him desist were in vain.

Last week I met him near the post-office.

"Do you know," he began—

There I interrupted him, to his astonishment; for on all previous occasions I had endured his statistical queries and explications with the sweetly smiling face of a six weeks old father—of course, I mean a father with a six weeks old baby—whose newly-arrived descendant serenades him the whole night.

"Yes, I know," I interrupted him: "but you don't know what I am going to ask you. Now, listen: If it took fifty-six detectives and fifty letter-carriers to capture Colonel Welles, the blackmailing tormentor of Jay Gould, how many drinks do you think have been consumed up to yesterday by all the participants in the glory of the capture, telling all their acquaintances about the everlasting events of that memorable day?"

He stared at me with eyes wide open, and then he said he had to go to Hoboken to see off a German friend bound for a visit to the old country. F. C. M.

## AMUSEMENTS.

As *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, Mademoiselle Rhea appeared at BOOTH'S THEATRE, on Monday. PUCK reserves his opinion of the performance.

Mlle. Juliette Laurance, the polyglot *chanteuse internationale*, the Tyrolean warblers, Mlle. Julie de Bertrand, and the Ladies' Philharmony are still the attraction at KOSTER & BIAL'S.

Theatrical managers are happy. Thanksgiving and advance Christmas audiences have been gladdening their hearts. On the night of the turkey-eating festival, all the places of amusement were crowded.

The Haulon-Lees, with "le Voyage en Suisse," have betaken themselves to the METROPOLITAN CASINO, where they have more room to indulge in their performances, which set all the laws of gravitation at defiance.

"Fun on the Bristol" is once more at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. It is not precisely the kind of fun that we crave after; but then we are bilious and dyspeptic, and a large majority of people differ from us—and they are, doubtless, right.

"Esmeralda" has now settled down, at the HAZEL KIRKE THEATRE, for a run of an indefinite period. It is certainly a play full of merits, and with few defects. It may be considered the most successful original drama ever written by a woman, and is a strong argument in favor of the extension of the suffrage to the sex.

"If at first you don't succeed," etc. Mr. Daly believes in this aphorism, and he has reason to do so; for "The Passing Regiment" is just the right kind of piece for this time of year, and the kind of piece for the treasury of DALY'S THEATRE. It is well mounted, well acted, and well attended, and one doesn't expect much more of any play.

"Patience," at the STANDARD, is now rolling on toward its eightieth representation. It is the original

article, because it is given with Mr. Gilbert's stage business and Mr. Sullivan's orchestration. While no member of the troupe, save Miss Roche, is individually remarkable in his or her part, it is rare to witness, as a whole, a performance so complete.

On Monday night last, at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, "Mme. Favart" was produced by Mr. Maurice Grau's company, which has been making a successful tour in Cuba, Mexico, and South America. The repertory comprises "la Mascotte," "la Fille de Mme. Angot," "les Mousquetaires au Convent," "les Noces d'Olivette," "les Cloches de Corneville," and "la Fille du Tambour Major."

At HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, the Rice Company is wrestling with "Patience," and is affording the Brooklynites an opportunity of getting some notion of the idea that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan intended to convey; though, to speak truly, the Rice "Patience" is vastly inferior, in every respect, to the one with which New Yorkers have been so long and pleasantly familiar at the STANDARD THEATRE.

The great operatic feature of the week was the performance, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, of "William Tell," better known as the man who used apples as bull's-eyes, and hit them every time. Whether Mr. Mapleson will be as successful as the illustrious and mythical Switzer, remains to be seen. Galassi was *Tell*, Prévost, *Arnold*, and *Femmy*, Mlle. Juch. At last Saturday's matinée Marie Vachot, Del Puente, and Novara sang in "The Barber of Seville."

John McCullough has appeared in "Virginius," "Ingomar," "King Lear" and "Richard III.," at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Mr. McCullough is, in many respects, a powerful actor; but there are still roughnesses and crudenesses about his personations. Mr. Wingfield, of London, is the author of a play on the subject of "Jack Cade," and is now directing its rehearsals. It is to be produced at this theatre, and Mr. McCullough will, of course, take the leading character.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CC.

THE SEASON.



Ya-as, it is not pwe-cisely an orwiginal we-mark, but the end of the ye-ah appwoaches, togethah with Chrwestmas and a varwiet of othah things, which usually put in an appearance about the same perwiod.

I am not going to make any pwofound observations on aw Chrwestmas, because I have done it on pwevious occasions; besides, I shall have ample opportunity when the festival is actually he-ah; but it will not be out of place faw me to endeavah to dwag out a word or two with weference to what is being done, or has been done wecently, in fwivolous enjoyment.

Aw, faw instance, our Fwench and German visitahs, who were invited to this countwy to celebweate some species of centenarwy, have returned, not, howevah, without havng had a ball given in their honah, which, Jack Carnegie tells me, wesulted in considerable bad feeling being cweated and exhibited, owing to some silly Amerwicans havng attempted to waise a question of pwecedence.

Pwecedence is all verwy well in Gweat Bwitain, where fellows, maw or less, are being born all the time who have a wight to gweatah pwivileges than the common herd of cweachas; but I do think it simply idiotic to have a wow about such mattahs he-ah. The most disagweeable feachah about these wules of etiquette is the fwightful mistake Amerwicans make in pwetending to know all about these things, and getting into a horwible mess when they attempt to do what they think is wight. If they only knew how much maw wespect we aw forweignahs would have faw them if they would pweserve their wepublican simplicity and let the old world arwangements alone! I am inclined to think they would do it. Although I must say that the offensive obtwusiveness is entirely charwacterwistic of a few ill-bwed snobs, who are all wigh, and pwide themselves on knowing the names of their gwand-fathahs. Jack tells me that all this aw nonsense is invariably started by this descriptiow of cad, who flourwishes, in New York especially, quite extensively.

Mrs. Fitznoodle, with the b-b-boy, has just interrupted me. I learn from her that there will be no maw afternoon "teas" this wintah, and that *café noirs* or *salons* are to weplace them, and will be given fwom eight until ten. This change does not interest me in the smallest degwee. I invariably look upon all such arwangements as a baw aw.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We learn that Mr. J. L. Ford, of the N. Y. *Courier*, is preparing for the press an expurgated edition of Tupper's works.

Hill's "Album of Biography and Art" is published in Chicago, by the Hill Standard Book Company. The volume is a handsome one, and is especially valuable from the fact of having a biographical sketch of Mr. Joseph Keppler.

Mr. James E. Taylor, the well-known artist, a number of whose battle-pieces adorn the walls of the War Department of Washington, has recently completed a water-color representing the return of a portion of the victorious troops marching in triumph through the streets of the capital. It is painted in a very spirited and effective manner.

Mr. JOHN RUSKIN, in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, pays one of his handsomest compliments (and nobody can pay a handsomer compliment than J. R., when he feels like it) to "Fair Fiction." The proprietors of this new publication (Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, with whom PUCK is intimately acquainted), now prosperously advancing toward Vol. II., will of course make Mr. Ruskin their best bow.

## Answers for the Anxious.

C. G. C.—Thanks.

C. A. S.—It was written by Arthur Lot.

READER OF PUCK.—"The End of New York" was in No. 10 of FICTION.

HASELTINE.—Gentle sir, to marry though she does design, as yet she does not know you, so she must decline.

M. S. C.—You write us:

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Will you please publish answer to one of your "Puck-erings" of three or four weeks ago, via:

"Yachting notes—Fifty-dollar bills."

Several of your Michigan readers cannot see the point, and, as you publish it, we are convinced that there must be a point to the critter. By so doing you will greatly oblige

M. S. CRANE, et al.

We are not surprised that any Michigan reader should fail to see the point of any joke. That kind of thing ought to come naturally to a Michigan man. But we will not try to make the point of this joke clear to you "et al." Yet if you ever come east, Mr. Crane, and undertake to sail a yacht in these waters, the point of that joke will enter into your spirit like a cambric needle propelled by a pile-driver, and you will learn to a dead certainty that \$50 bills are about the only kind of yachting notes looked at in this neighborhood.

C. L. N.—As something seems to be weighing on your mind, we publish your letter:

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Did your artist ("O. K.") stand on his head when he marked out the points of the compass (N. W. S. E.) in the cartoon on first page of last week's PUCK? Or is he left-handed, or was it engraved from a photographic negative? Or did the election upset the compass as well as the "bosses"? Yours anxiously,

C. L. N.

We will cheerfully acknowledge, Mr. C. L. N., that we are all wrong on the points of the compass. The next time we want to draw a weather-cock we will go to your town to get information on the subject. On the question of weather-cocks, you appear to be fairly slopping over with information. If you could only cut yourself up into squares and bind yourself in flexible red cloth, and sell yourself for a guidebook, you would make more money than you are ever likely to in writing letters to newspapers.

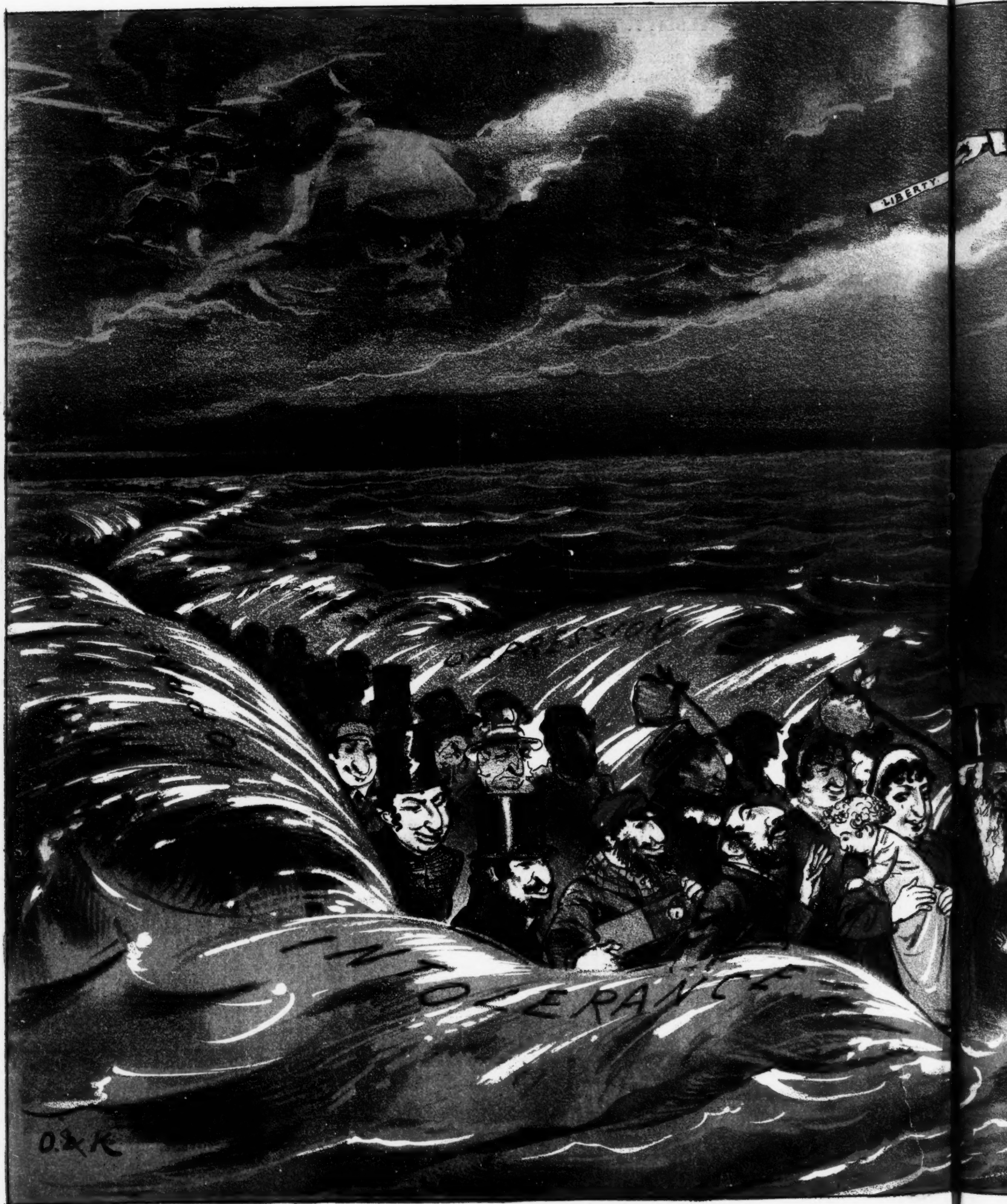
## REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

'Tis midnight, and the summer's sun  
Rises boldly from the west,  
And the autumn dews of winter  
Fall in summer on her breast,  
And the rapid rivers running  
Slowly climb the hill's descent,  
While the southern pine of Greenland  
Grows upon the ocean's crest,  
And the anchored ship at harbor  
Is weathering the roughest sea,  
And the waters of the Pacific River  
Empty into the Atlantic sea.

DELPHIUS CROOKE.





PICK.



DAN MOSES.

## UNCRYSTALIZED YEARNINGS.

Oh, the twilight gloomed with a darker mist,  
And I would the dawn would follow;  
But, clad in gray and amethyst,  
Lay ocean, and heaven, and hollow.  
The Whing-whang stood on the ribbed sea sand,  
He held his tail in either hand.  
But graysome gloomed the darksome night,  
And graysome breaks the morrow,  
But the Whing-whang stands 'twixt dark and light,  
All in the gloaming strangely white,  
And oh, 'tis sin and sorrow;  
For he waits with a sorrow strangely dumb,  
Until the great Panjandrum come.  
Oh, the great Panjandrum he came out,  
With the little round button on top,  
And cried aloud, with a sob and a shout,  
For the wild galoots to stop:  
They ran around, those wild galoots,  
Till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.  
C. G. C.

## ANTS OR CURRANTS?

"This seems to be a very nice plum-pudding," said a diner in a dime restaurant, the other day.

"Well, I should say so," snarled the proprietor, sarcastically: "it is intended to be nice; if it were vile I should announce the fact on the bill."

"If you get mad like that at a compliment," whispered the guest: "I suppose it would be dangerous to speak disrespectfully of your dishes. Now, I presume, you would treat me like an emperor—throw a glass bomb under my chair—if I should tell you that these currants and raisins look like insects, and then solicit you to stand guard to prevent them from walking off the plate with the whole business on their backs."

"Did you say those currants look like insects?" inquired the proprietor, wildly, as the perspiration poured down his forehead and dropped off the end of his nose.

"If they did look like insects," replied the diner, without looking up: "I should ask you to bring on the Peruvian powder. I firmly believe you do not put insects—not even ants—in your plum-pudding."

"Then the natural inference is," yelled the proprietor: "that if you are sure I don't put ants in my *plum-pudding*, you of course maintain that I work them into my corned-beef and cabbage."

"Who said anything about corned-beef and cabbage?"

"I did."

"Well, what did you say about it?"

"I said that perhaps you imagine I put ants in it."

"What did you want to say that for?"

"For argument!"

"Don't you know that corned-beef and cabbage is as foreign to a plum-pudding argument as the North Pole is to a West Indian revolution? Don't you know it is totally irrelevant?"

"Irrelevant—what's that?"

"Did you ever go to school?" inquired the customer, quietly.

"I d.d."

"Where did you go?"

"Honesdale, Pa."

"Nice place; how did you make out at the school?"

"I beat the whole class at arithmetic."

"Then you ought to be a bank president."

"I can't get anything like that."

"I know you can't," said the customer: "because you have a bad face and a sinister eye. To get that position you must have dyspepsia, and get yourself up to look like Henry Clay, and then go around telling men how to live luxuriously on two dollars per week and save money. *You* are altogether too loud."

Why don't you take off that gum-drop Derby, and give your blue-check uppers a coat of black paint?"

"Why should I do that?"

"Why, for the sake of toning down. You don't want to go through life as radiant as a Fourth-of-July night. You look like one of these church-window blue saints in a yellow ulster and no trousers, standing on a two-by-one bit of cloud in his bare feet—a regular King of Diamonds."

It is not necessary to go into the unpleasant details, but at this juncture the pair clinched and rolled around on the floor in the liveliest fashion, until some of the waiters came to their employer's rescue, and pulled the diner off, and sent him head-foremost through the door. After he got around the corner he was heard to say that, whenever he had no money, he always made it a point to pick a fight and get thrown out, preferring that to going hungry, or being put under arrest for being unable to meet the demands of the cashier. R. K. M.

## A THANKSGIVING FREE LUNCH.

## RESTAURANT



IMPECUNIOUS MORTAL (sniffing the toothsome odors):—Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, an' Punkin Pie, as I live! (smacking chops.) Ah! this is an Unexpected Treat.

THE LATEST name for the extra large schooner is the Vice-President, otherwise the David Davis.

THE ZODIACAL sign for next month ought to be a bottle of cough-mixture surrounded by a garland of chilblains.

THE HALL FAMILY.—The year now closing does not appear to have been a bearing one, so far, for the Halls. Tammany, Mozart and Irving have yielded only blighted crops. In fact, the only Hall we know of that has proved abundant throughout the *World* is Oakey—the Son of a Pun!

THE YALE COLLEGE *Record* (amateur) has recently taken to cracking its jokes in Greek type. This is hardly called for, we think. The *Record's* jokes, when printed in English, are mostly all Greek to its readers. How the change of type merely is going to help matters it is difficult to see.

AN ESTEEMED, but triflingly inaccurate contemporary, calls "Norwood" Henry Ward Beecher's only romance. Evidently our E. but T. I. C. doesn't know Henry Ward. "Only romance!" Only one—O innocent! Only one of many, too romantic for anything.

## MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

## No. XX.—My Speech at Muggletown.

I was born at Muggletown. Now, I don't mention that as one of my sins, because a man cannot be held responsible for being born in any particular place; he has so little to do with that interesting affair. In fact, it is sometimes a mere accident that he is born in any particular town, for one of my most intimate friends was born on a ferry boat. His maternal relative might, very properly, have sung:

"Take, O boatman, twice thy fee."

I feel, on this subject, when I consider it philosophically, that, if I hadn't been born at Muggletown, I should have been invited into this world in some other equally uninteresting locality. However, as I did first see the light in that charming village, I find that my heart swells proudly whenever I place my foot upon its sacred soil. Mrs. Lot was not born there, and her heart does not swell. Not to put too fine a point upon it, she calls Muggletown a nasty mud-hole; and, while I frankly admit that it may be open to that objection, I still urge in its favor that it is my native heath. There I played marbles, tops and hooky; there I was walloped for my transgressions; and there I first sprouted my intellect. In the village school, I pored over my dog-eared primer; in the village church, I slept calmly through the longest of sermons; in the village pond, I floated my mimic ships; and in the village green I flew my youthful kites. Ah, those happy days of boyhood! How often have I said:

"Backward, roll backward, O Time! in your flight,  
Make me a child again, just for to-night,"

without being at all sure as to which of the claimants to the authorship of these words I was quoting from. Is it any wonder, then, that I feel an interest in Muggletown and the Muggletownians?

A deputation of our villagers called upon me the other evening, and developed the following conundrum: Muggletown would, in a few days, reach its fiftieth birthday, and on that auspicious occasion, the Muggletownians proposed to have a celebration—would I deliver the oration? At first I was inclined to refuse; but Georgie and Mrs. Lot persuaded me that it would be very nice, and said that they would go up and see the performance; so I informed the committee that I would serve.

On a clear, bright morning in August we started for Muggletown, and reached that delightful village at ten o'clock A.M. A delegation of villagers met us and escorted us to the hotel, from which point the procession was to start; then it was intended that the assemblage should parade through the village to the green, where the ceremonies were to be performed. The committee politely informed me that I was to form part of the procession, and was to ride in a conveyance to the scene of my coming victory.

At eleven o'clock we formed in line. First came a delegation of original inhabitants, three in number, whom I honestly believe they had picked out of the poor-house; then came the village musketeers, a body of twenty-five young men, dressed in old uniforms of every style and color, and armed with ancient muskets which must have seen service in the old French war; then came three members of the committee, followed by an immense ox-cart, drawn by two lazy oxen, which vehicle, I was informed, was the chariot in which I was to ride to victory; then, in succession, came three more members of the committee, the citizens generally, and all the ragged boys in the village.

Mrs. Lot was very much amused when I told her that the ox-cart was my "conveyance," and Georgie nearly went into convulsions over



it. Just as I was about to embark, my Uncle Tom, who resides in the village, came up, dressed in his most gorgeous attire, and grasping me by the hand, swore that he was delighted to see me. The old gentleman is one of the kindest-hearted old fellows who ever lived; but, shade of Brummel, how he was dressed! A brilliant yellow pair of nankeen unmentionables, a white vest, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a gorgeous white beaver hat adorned his person. After our congratulations were over, I asked the old boy to ride to the stand with me.

"Delighted to do so, my boy, if the committee will allow it."

The committee being willing, we jumped into the cart and the procession started. A seat had been prepared for us, consisting of an old soap-box wrapped up in the American flag. Uncle Tom thought it wouldn't be right for him to sit on his country's emblem; and, though I explained to him that under the circumstances it would be eminently proper, he refused to so degrade the star-spangled banner until he had spread his large red handkerchief upon the place on which he proposed to sit. As the procession moved along, Uncle Tom was delighted; his eyes glistened, his bosom swelled, and a smile of universal benevolence overspread his face.

"My dear boy," said he, grasping my hand: "this is the proudest day of my life. Here I am, seated in the place of honor in a procession in my native town, by the side of my nephew, the orator of the day."

"I'm glad you are pleased, Uncle Tom."

"Pleased?" said he: "I'm delighted. See, there's my old dog, Tony. Couldn't we stop and take him in?"

I hardly thought that that was possible.

"Well, well," said Uncle Tom: "Never mind; but it would be the proudest day of Tony's life."

Thus we rode through the village, the old gentleman calling my attention to everything and person of interest, and bowing gravely, as his position demanded, to the passers-by. When we had dismounted, I introduced Uncle Tom to Mrs. Lot and Georgie, and left him with them. I mounted the platform and sat gravely on the seat provided for me, while a village Milton read a very long poem. After he had retired they fired a salute from the old French muskets, and then my turn came. I stepped forward, bowed to the assembled audience, and felt in my pocket for my manuscript. Not a scrap of it could I find. I glanced at my party. Uncle Tom was leaning forward, eager to catch my every word, but Mrs. Lot and Georgie were stuffing their handkerchiefs in their mouths, in order to suppress their laughter. Not finding my manuscript, I was forced to trust to my memory. I began as follows:

"Fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen: On this auspicious occasion, fraught as it is to us with recollections of the past, bringing as it does to our minds the days when Muggletown was but an infant village, it behooves the orator to glance back at the past history of this important place, and recall to your minds those things at the relation of which the heart of every Muggletownian swells with pride."

Here I was interrupted by deafening cheers from twenty-five boys, and, finding that my memory served me so well, I commenced to feel quite confident, and glanced sarcastically at Mrs. Lot.

"Fifty years ago, when life in this country was a struggle with the wild wilderness and the howling savages, a band of hardy settlers planted their little homes where we to-day stand, and, in honor of their immortal leader, Ichabod Malachi Muggle, called their little village Muggletown."

Deafening cheers again interrupted me, but I felt that I was gone. Not another word could

I remember. I resolved to draw upon Webster, and had commenced with:

"Venerable men—"

when the oxen who had drawn my triumphant chariot, frightened by the explosion of a firecracker which a small boy had thrown between them, dashed the cart against the supports of the platform and knocked them to pieces. Down came the platform, the poet and the orator in one heap. Mrs. Lot screamed, Georgie fainted, Uncle Tom endeavored to take care of them, and the committeemen pulled me out of the wreck, a little bruised but not seriously injured. Mrs. Lot embraced me and was very affectionate.

"If you had been hurt," said she: "I never should have forgiven myself for hiding your manuscript."

I had suspected that; but, as she was repentant, I forgave her. I sent her and Georgie to the hotel under the care of Uncle Tom, while I rode thither in the chariot with the poet.

"Do you know," said that gentleman: "I'm sorry for you; but I wouldn't have had that happen while I was reading my poem for the world!"

"Nor would I," replied I: "for then the world would have lost something."

"That's it," said he: "for I might never have had another chance to produce it."

When I reached the hotel, I found Mrs. Lot standing in the middle of the room, with a manuscript in her hand, gesticulating wildly, and delivering in a loud voice my proposed speech to Uncle Tom and Georgie. As I came in, Uncle Tom turned to me and remarked:

"It's delightful, delightful, Arthur. What they did miss!"

"But," said Georgie: "we don't find anything about 'venerable men.'"

"That was an inspiration," replied I.

Mrs. Lot finished the speech, and we adjourned to dinner. Uncle Tom came out famously; Georgie was delighted with the old man, and even Mrs. Lot took to him kindly—so kindly, in fact, that she invited him to make us a visit. And this was not to be wondered at, for a tenderer heart than Uncle Tom's never beat in man's bosom. At six o'clock I was escorted to the dépôt by the committee, leaving Mrs. Lot and Georgie in my uncle's charge. I can see Uncle Tom now as he looked when the cars moved off: his hat raised from his head, his face covered by a pleasant smile, and his brass buttons shining brightly. We waved our adieux to him and to the town, and settled into our seats, so as to be as little miserable as possible during our journey. As we were retiring to bed, Mrs. Lot remarked:

"Are you quite sure that you weren't injured to-day?"

"Not a bit," replied I.

"What a piece of good luck that break-down was, then; for I believe that if you hadn't been floored physically, you would have been, metaphorically."

"There, go to sleep, Mrs. Lot, and don't disturb me."

So we went to sleep, and forgot Muggletown and the Muggletownians.

#### FIRST LESSONS.

The Mother has made a Lap. The boy is in the Lap. He is Looking at the Carpet. What has the Mother in Her Hand? She has a Shingle in Her Hand. What will she do with the Shingle? She will put it Where it will Do the Most Good.

Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other Runs the Shop. One of Them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his

Father at Night. The Father does most of the Walking and all of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what It is to Be a Father. —*Denver Tribune.*

THE expression, "making love with a vengeance," has been literally exemplified recently at Paris, where a young man presented a revolver at the head of Mlle. Croizette, the actress, saying: "I love you. If you reject me I will kill you." Before he could pull, he was pulled off by the servants, while the great actress looked very Croizette at him. If this joke goes round, it will be a revolver.—*S. F. News Letter.*

"WHEN I die, let me be buried in the stove, so that my ashes may mingle with the grate," says the paragrapher of the *Boston Star*. In the stove the gentleman's ashes will scarcely mingle with the grate; the chances are he will gently simmer as a base-burner.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

IN the Island of Borneo, no young man is allowed to pay his respects to a maiden unless he has taken off the head of one or more of his enemies. In this country, "putting a head on" one's enemy is considered the correct thing. Two extremities of civilization.—*New Haven Register.*

VENNOR asserts "a winter of some sort has got to be experienced." We are glad to be informed of this beforehand, however much it pains us to find that our summer clothes will not do for the rest of the fiscal year.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE Iowa Methodist Conference severely reprimanded a minister for going to a circus. The going-to-teach-the-children-natural-history dodge is evidently played out in Iowa.—*Philadelphia News.*

WHEN an Indian murders a man, troops are immediately sent to the front. When a white man murders somebody, the police let him go over to Canada on a visit to his ma.—*Detroit Chaff.*

COLORADO has a man who has hung fourteen men without a bungle while captaining a lynching gang; but when the State tried to hire him as a hangman he took it for an insult.—*Boston Post.*

TEXAS complains of too many newspapers: It's getting so a gentleman can't take a hand in a lynching, or even join in a free fight without having his name in print.—*Boston Post.*

OLD umbrella and buggy tops are now being utilized by ladies for theatre hats. The demand for them almost equals that for Confederate bonds.—*Oil City Derrick.*

FANNY MILLS, of Sandusky, Ohio, has a foot  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches long. If three such feet make a yard in Sandusky, that's the place to buy dry-goods.—*New Haven Register.*

LITTLE miniature waste-baskets for the use of editors are in order. They make such neat and appropriate presents to send to half-shell poets.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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Children bloom, but die in teething;  
Warning take, all friends and mothers,  
Watch the precious girls and brothers;  
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When I was young and quite conceited,  
I chanced to meet the prettiest girl,  
I thought, my eyes had ever greeted.  
'Tis useless for me to repeat  
The tale with which we're all acquainted:  
I lost my heart to her at once,  
And found her all my fancy painted.  
I loved her, or I thought I did,  
Yet found my true love had miscarried;  
For when I asked her heart and hand,  
She said she was already married.  
This was a year or so ago,  
When I was young and sentimental!  
My heart was nearly broken then;  
Now I don't care a continental.

—Eliot Ryder, in Boston Star.

"MENTION the names of the great explorers," said the teacher.

"I only know one," returned the head boy of the class.

"Well, tell us who it is."

"Mama," responded the scholar: "I see her exploring papa's pockets every morning before he gets up."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A MAN was drifting aimlessly about Cambridge. When they found that he was seeking for a young man studying at Harvard College, they looked at him in blank amazement. At last a man spoke: "Good Lord, if you're looking for one of the students, what the blazes are you doing at Cambridge? Why ain't you looking round the Parker House billiard-room?"—*Boston Post.*

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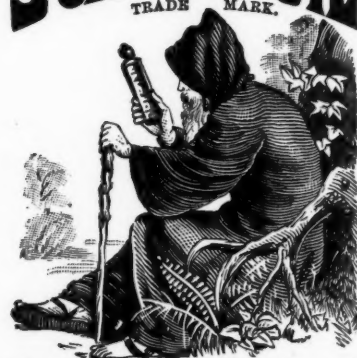
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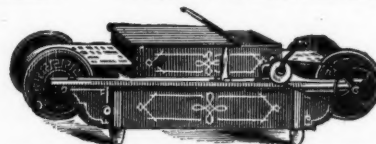
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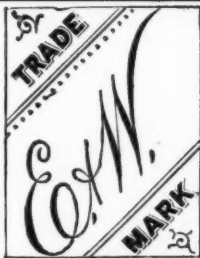
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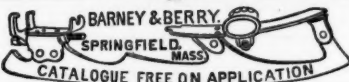
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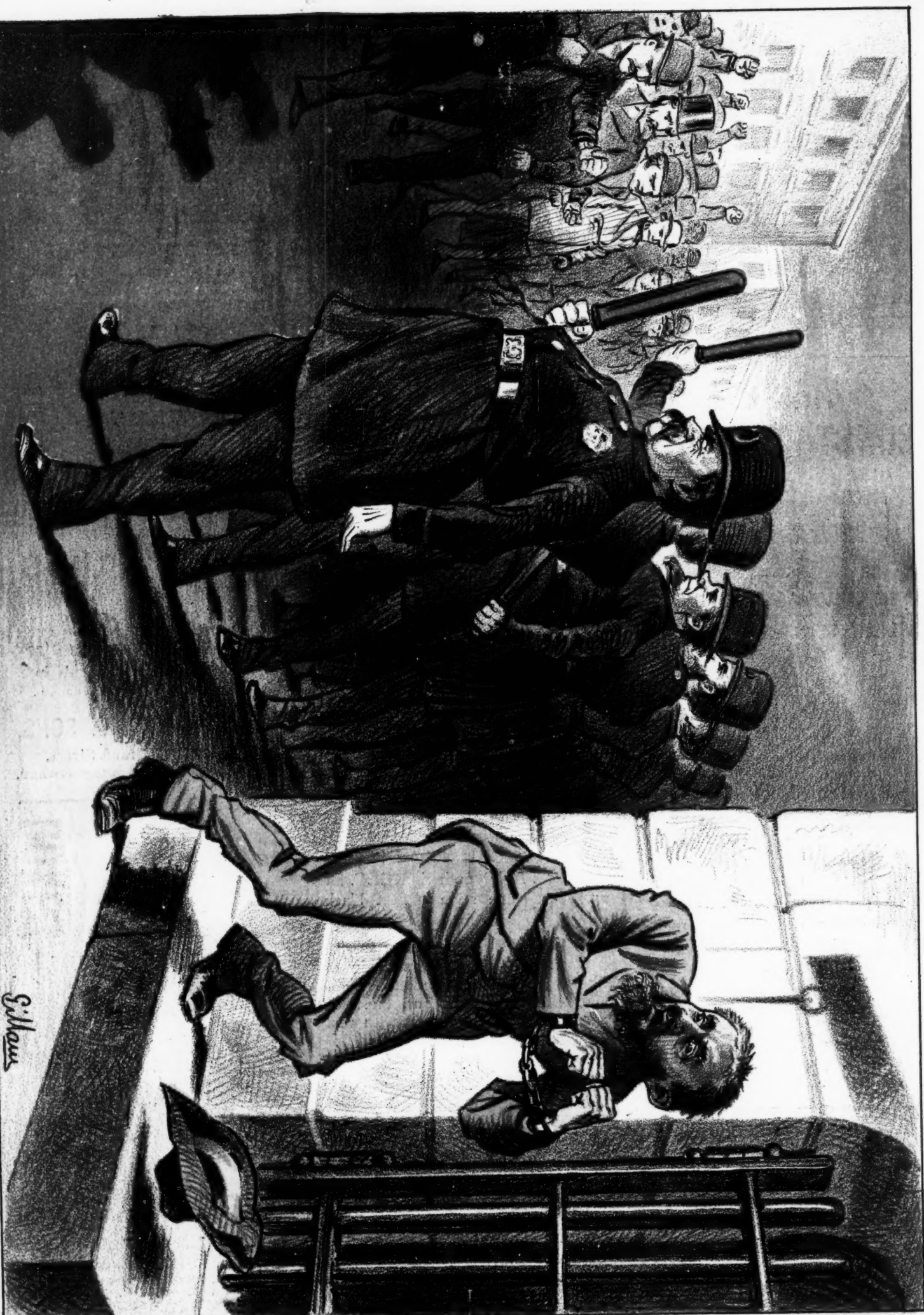
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